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Defect

Spy satellites can't see them or tell us what's inside the

BY RUTH DANILOFF

A s darkness settles over the apartment buildings of Arlington, Mr. X cautiously approaches the door to his walk-up flat. There is no nameplate on the door and no mailbox. His telephone number is not listed.

"I take precautions," says Mr. X, a middle-aged Russian who bears a vague resemblance to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.

An orange rug covers the floor of his sparsely furnished apartment and a picture of his wife, mother and two grown sons—all in Moscow—sits on the table beside the sofa.

"I have always been against the system," says Mr. X, who defected from the Soviet Union two years ago for "ideological reasons."

"When I was a student I criticized it, even during the years of terror. Then during Khrushchev's time, I hoped Russia was changing. They released people from camps. The armed forces were reduced 40 percent, then" His voice trails off.

"The reason I didn't defect earlier was because my children were young," he says, pouring a glass of Rhine wine and laying the table with typical Russian fare—pickled cabbage and herring, beets and sour cream. "I miss them, sure; I want to get the Soviet authorities to let them go, but when my son applied for an exit visa, they put him in a psychiatric institution for three week's observation."

In Moscow, Mr. X held a position related to arms control. Here he fills his day by working with right-wing groups concerned about Soviet imperialism and advising members of Congress about the pitfalls of SALT.

Disgruntled Soviets like Mr. X can be more effective watchdogs for the SALT treaties than all the space-age electronic equipment orbiting the earth. A top-level defec-

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